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"So forth issew'd the seasons of the yeare :
. . . . . These, marching softly, thus in order went.
And after them the monthes all riding came."
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

IT is a Polish superstition that each month of the year has a particular *Gem* attached to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of those born in that month. It is therefore common for friends and lovers to present each other some trinket containing the "Tutelary Gem," accompanied by an appropriate wish or compliment.

January

"Then came old January, wrapped well,
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may."
Shepherd's Calendar. Spenser.

Garnet Constancy.

I.

"Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

II.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

III.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

IV.

Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place."

Sir John Suckling.

February

"And lastly came cold February, sitting,
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde,
And swim away."

Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

Amethyst

Fair

Cromwell. How does your grace?

Wolsey. Why well—

Never so truly happy my dear Cromwell.

I know myself, now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities

A still and quiet conscience.

Henry VIII. *Shaks.*

March Courage

"First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam."
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

Bloodstone

"Courage, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Close on thy head thy helmet bright;
Balance thy sword against the fight;
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spread the air!
Now, if thou be 'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine,
And show that nature wants an art
To conquer one resolve'd heart.

Andrew Marvell.

April

Innocence

"Next came fresh Aprill
. . . . . garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth."

Shepherd's Calendar. Spenser.

Sapphire

"The silence of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails."

Winter's Tale. Shakspeare.

May

Successful Love

"Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around."
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

Emerald

"Say over again, and yet once more again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem 'a cuckoo-song,' as thou dost treat it;
Remember never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
Comes the fresh Spring, in all her green completed,
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry . . . 'Speak once more . . . . thou lovest! Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me,—toll
The silver iterance!—only minding, Dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul."

Sonnets from the Portuguese. *Mrs. Browning.*

June

Long Life

"And after her came jolly June, array'd,
All in greene leaves, as he a player were:
Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare."
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

Agate

"Start not; old age is Virtue's prime;

Most lovely she appears,

Clad in the spoils of vanquished Time,

Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale in boundless bloom

The eternal mountains rise;

Virtue descends not to the tomb,

Her rest is in the skies."

James Montgomery.

July

Forgiveness

"Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a lyon raging yet with ire,
He boldly rode, and made him to obay."
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

Ruby

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the face of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself."

Merchant of Venice. *Shakspeare.*

August

Conjugal bliss

"The sixt was August, being rich arrayd,
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayd
Forth by the lilly hand."

Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

Sardonyx

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow:
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll gò,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns.

September

"Next him September marched eeke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle,
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle."
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

Chrysolite

Gives talk

"Two words of praying we remember,

And at midnight's hour of harm,

'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,

We say softly for a charm."

Mrs. Browning.

October

Opal

"Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the joyous oyle."
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

Mistaught but hope

"Whene'r the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
Oh, bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer,
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow,
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head."

John Keats.

November

"Next was November; he full grosse and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late."
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

Topaz

Fidelity

"Still onward winds the dreary way;
I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

In Memoriam. *Tennyson.*

December

Turquoise Brilliant Sucress

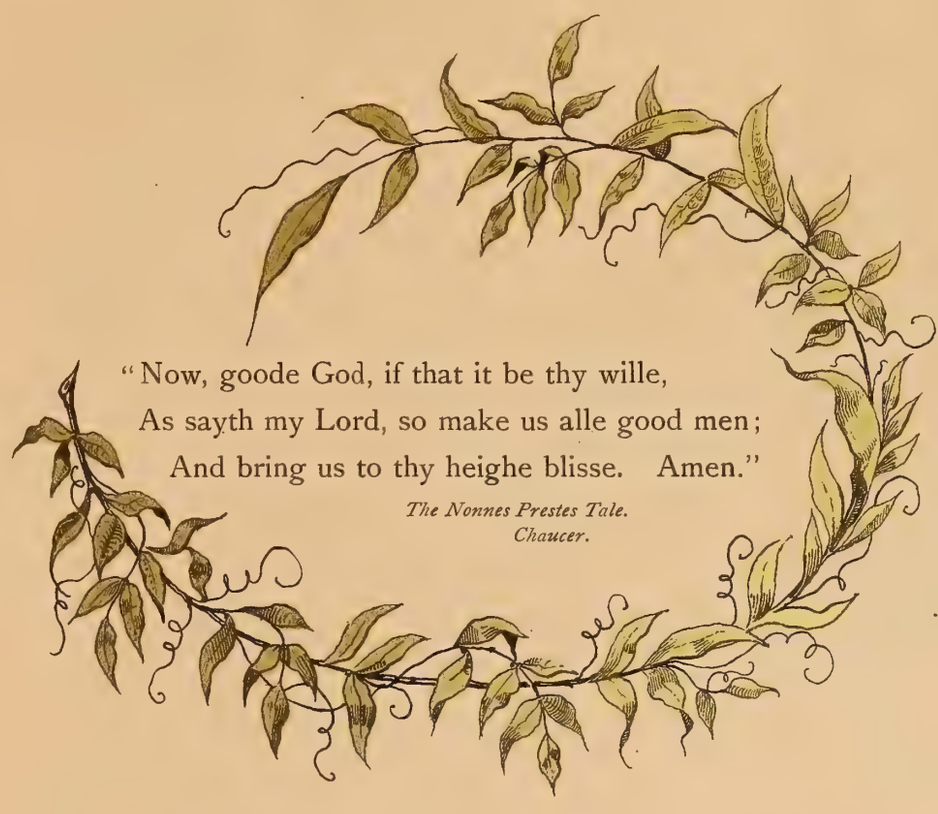
"And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad."
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*

"Every thing is happy now,
Every thing is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache.

Vision of Sir Launfal. *J. R. Lowell.*

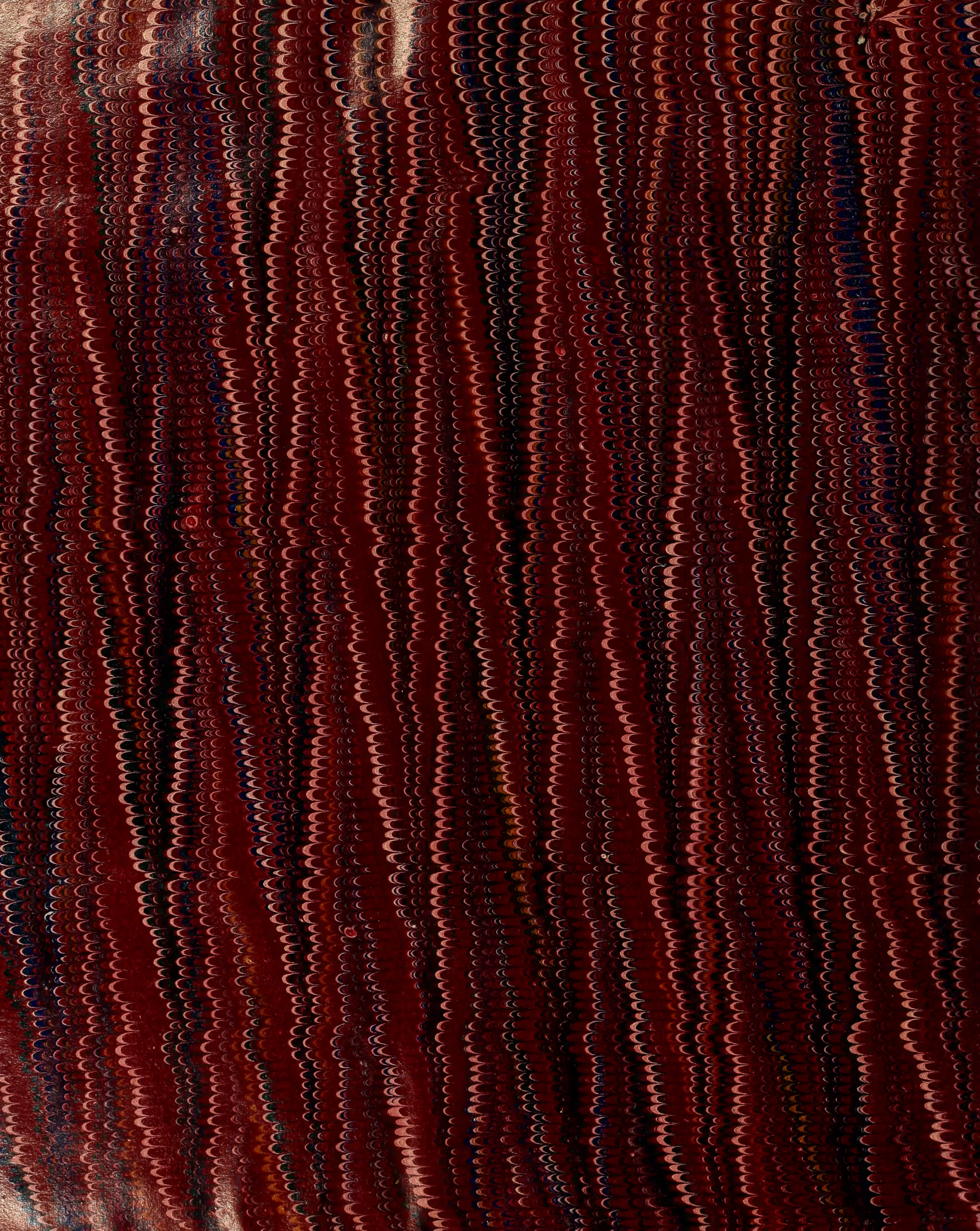
" Then and after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pase ;
Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white ;
. . . . . Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Jove and timely Night ;
The which were all endewed with wondrous beauty fit to kindle love."

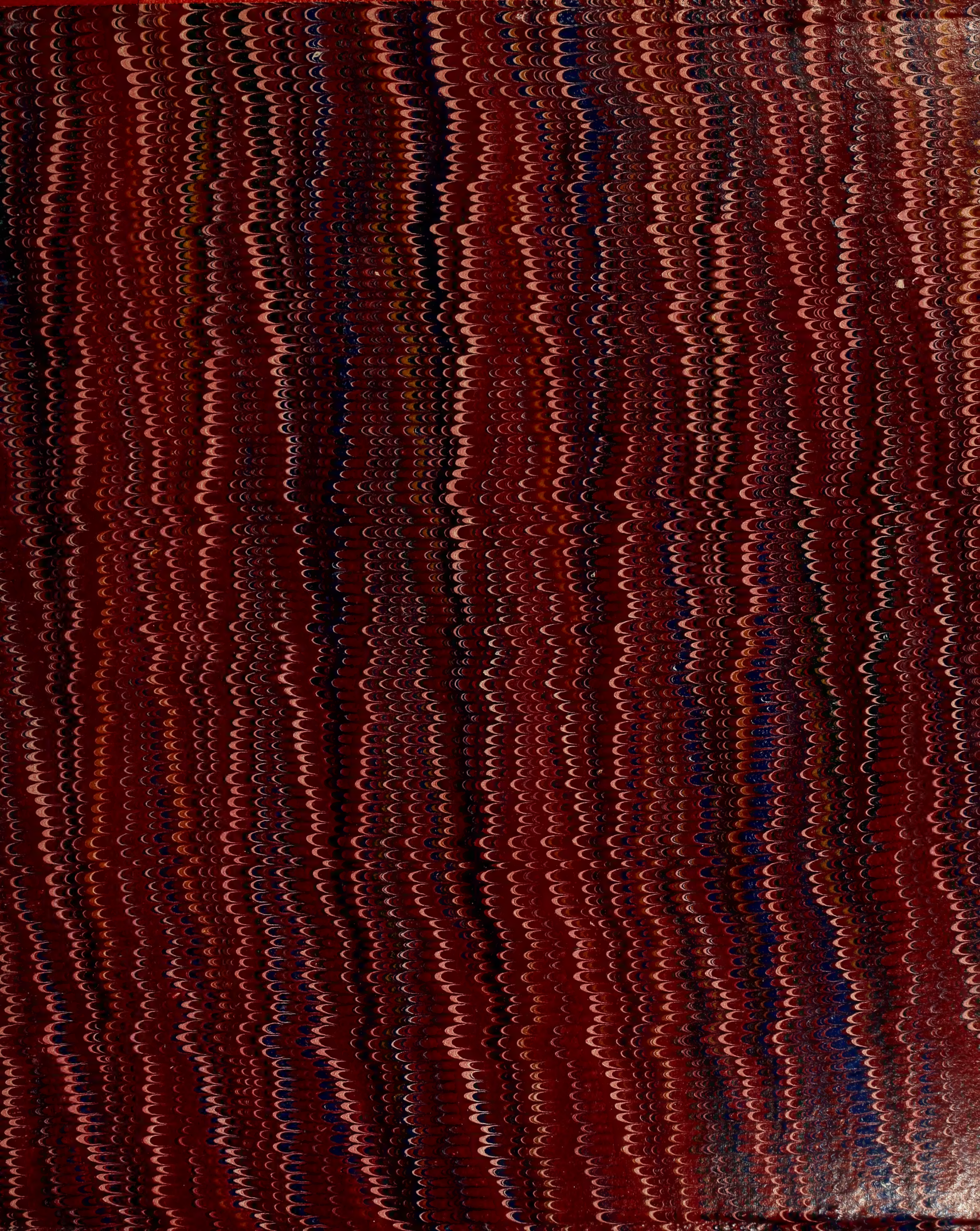
Shepherd's Calendar. *Spenser.*



"Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille,
As sayth my Lord, so make us alle good men;
And bring us to thy heighe blisse. Amen."

The Nonnes Prestes Tale.
Chaucer.





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